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S E R M O N,

Delivered in the *Baptist* Meeting-House in
Providence, July 31, A. D. 1791.

Occasioned by the Death of

The Rev. JAMES MANNING, D.D.

President of *Rhode-Island* College.

By PERES FOBES, A. M. *

Fellow of the *American* Academy of Arts and Sciences,
Professor of natural and experimental Philosophy in the
College of *Rhode-Island*, and Pastor of the Church in
Raynham.

"Faith builds a Bridge across the Gulph of Death,
"To break the Shock, blind Nature cannot shun!"

PROVIDENCE: Printed by J. CARTER.

At a Meeting of the Baptist Society in Providence, August 8, 1791.

VO T E D, That Messieurs *William Barton, George Benson, and John Rogers*, be a Committee to wait on the Rev. Professor FOBES, and request, for Publication, a Copy of the Sermon he delivered in the *Baptist Meeting-House*, on the Lord's Day next after the Death of the Rev. Dr. *Manning*, President of *Rhode-Island College*.

GEORGE BENSON, Clerk to the Society.

T H E Memory of a worthy Friend deceased—Friendship to a disconsolate Widow, and an earnest Request of the Hearers—form the Preacher's Apology, for this (otherwise unnecessary) Addition to Publications on the same Subject.—The Sermon following, a few Passages excepted, appears in a Form as nearly resembling that in which it was delivered, as ought to be expected from a Preacher, whose Notice of preaching on the *Occasion* did but little exceed one Hour.



A Funeral Sermon.

Job xiv. 10.

MAN GIVETH UP THE GHOST, AND WHERE
IS HE?

DEATH, the king of terrors, and the conqueror of conquerors, reigns uncontrouled over all the human race. All ages, ranks and descriptions, of human beings, yield and fall promiscuous before the grim tyrant. "*All flesh is grass,*" which groweth up in the morning; it flourisheth; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. Before death's fatal scythe fall, not the common grass alone, with worthless weeds and baser shrubs; but *plants of renown*, the cedar tall, the rose of Sharon, and the lilies of the valley. Death levels all human distinctions;
it

it enters without ceremony the royal palace as well as the humble cottage, and drags the reluctant monarch from his throne; cuts the chains of the galley slave, and releases him from the toilsome oar. The robes of Majesty and the rags of poverty find no distinction. *The gods of earth die like men*; princes and tyrants fall together, and sink down upon a level with beggars, worms and clay. This is the thought, the solemn instructive thought, suggested by the text. *Man giveth up the ghost*. Man, without exception or limitation, *i. e.* all mankind, every individual of Adam's offspring, must fall a prey to death, and form a triumph for the grave, *the house appointed for all the living*. This is the language of revelation: It is also the voice of experience. We stand here this day the sorrowful witnesses of an instance, *now bleeding fresh in every heart*, in which death has erected a new trophy, in proof, ah too dear a proof, of his cruel conquest! *My father, my father, the chariots of Israel*. Your friend, your heart-approved friend, is now no more. Your beloved minister, the benevolent, the amiable
and

and pious President MANNING, is a prisoner of the grave. The *star* which long shone bright in this *golden candlestick* is set, *not to rise till the Heavens be no more*. For you he lived; for the benefit of this people, lately his dear charge, he fervently preached and prayed, *willing to spend and be spent*, year after year, in the service of his divine Master—but he lives no longer. No more prayers nor instructions will you ever hear from his mouth. Your advantages from his life are all over. The only question now is, what benefit you can receive from his death?—He who lived so long for your good, dies at last for your benefit too, if his death may but remind you of your own, and *so teach you to number your days, that you may apply your hearts to wisdom*. With this in view I have made choice of a text, in which you will observe,

I. A POSITIVE assertion—*man giveth up the ghost*.

II. A QUESTION asked—*where is he?*—
both of which I shall, by divine aid,
par-

particularly consider and apply to the present sorrowful occasion.

I. *MAN giveth up the ghost.* This is the deliberate declaration of one *who feared God, and eschewed evil*;—it must therefore be admitted as an indisputable fact. In all the bible there is scarce a doctrine that has not been disputed by some, and denied by others; but the certainty of dying, has never yet been seriously controverted by any. It is not the little disputable peculiarity of a party, but a truth acknowledged by all;—a point which stands confirmed by the united testimony of reason, of revelation and experience:—*The living know they shall die*; they know that man must give up the ghost:—Because,

1. *THE* seeds of death are lodged deep, and sown thick, through all the human frame. These principles of dissolution within us, are constantly exhausting the vital stores. *Man dieth and wasteth away.* We no sooner begin to live, but we begin to die; and live a dying,
and

and die a living life. Death lies concealed in every path we tread ; ten thousand dangers lurk in ambush all around us. The air we breathe, the ocean and the earth, and all the elements, are full of enemies, ready every moment to touch the latent fuel, to *spring the mines*, and pour destruction upon us. Any one will be convinced of this, by a very slight acquaintance with the general laws of motion, the properties of matter, and the structure of the human body. So numerous and complicated are its parts and motions—so fine and fragile are the wheels and springs of this curious machine—such are the connexions, convolutions, and nice dependencies, of one part upon another, *necessary to life*, that it is indeed a far greater wonder in nature, that men live threescore years and ten, than that they die on the first day of their existence.

“ *Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings*

“ *Should keep in tune so long.*”

BUT were the materials of our frame not so multifarious nor refined as in fact they are—

were

were our flesh of brass, or our strength the strength of stones, "we could not live alway;" for these in time would wear out, and crumble into dissolution.—By a kind of miracle, therefore, it is, that we now live. But a miracle it is, or rather a delusion, far more unaccountable, that so many of us live, as if we believed that nothing but a real miracle could put an end to our lives. Death is driving rapidly towards us, by the fixed laws of nature, yet we fancy it at a distance! Strange infatuation!

"Death still draws nearer, never seeming near."

But,

2. MAN giveth up the ghost, because *man hath sinned*. By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin. Adam's curse lies upon all his posterity; dust they are, and unto dust they must return.—Man, originally designed for immortality, lost it, for himself and posterity, by his apostacy. Accordingly death reigned from Adam to Moses, and from Moses to the present day, even over them that have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression. It does

does not however take place as the effect of a mere arbitrary appointment, but as a manifestation of God's just displeasure against the rebellion of our first parents;—in this view, death is and must be the lot of all. The best man on earth must yield to it; yet, happy for him, he yields to it not merely as a punishment, but as a purification from the remains of indwelling sin and corruption. Here he groans, and cries, *O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* Jesus, his friend, *will* deliver him; but death is the weapon, in his hand, by which he will give the fatal wound to sin, and pluck out every root and fibre of it from the believer's heart. *Great and marvellous* in wisdom and goodness is this plan of God, in ordering that *sin*, which brought death into our world, shall be by *death* finally driven out: That death, the penal effect of sin, should be made the final cause of its *total* destruction!—*The earthly house of this our body*, therefore, being like the house we read of, infected with *the fretting leprosy*, must for the same reason be pulled in pieces, and totally demolished,

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molished, before we can take possession of that *building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.*

3. MAN giveth up the ghost, and the believer is not exempted, because this is God's appointed way of conveying the soul to eternal bliss. Death restores the imprisoned spirit to perfect liberty; it is the appointed chariot, to carry the soul up to Abraham's bosom, and a Saviour's arms. In this way, all the saints, now in glory, except Enoch and Elijah, have constantly travelled. Our Saviour himself walked through the same *dark valley*, before he *ascended to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God.* His followers therefore must all depart, the ghost be given up, they become unclothed, and absent from the body, before they can be *present with the Lord, and be clothed upon with their house which is from Heaven.*

4. THE saints of God must die like other men; because infinite wisdom has decreed, that none shall receive the prize, and wear the crown,

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till they have run the race, fought and conquered all their enemies. *The last enemy is death*; till this be vanquished, none can be crowned. Die then we must, and conquer we shall, if we are *faithful unto death*—for Jesus, *the Captain of our salvation*, has ensured us victory.—*Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

5. THAT separation of the soul from the body, which is implied in giving up the ghost, *is necessary*, to manifest and keep up a proper difference between earth and Heaven, between a state of probation and of reward.—If a believer on earth could be glorified without *tasting death*, he would not *walk by faith*, but *by sight*.—This however would sepercede the trial and rewards of virtue;—this would contradict the wisdom of God in a probationary state, and finally frustrate all the promises of God, which are objects of faith, and not of sense. *Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.*

6. MAN giveth up the ghost, and his body returns to dust, for the greater display of the power of God, in the resurrection of the body, at the last day. Jesus was the friend of Lazarus; at his grave, *Jesus wept*. Yet he tells his disciples, that *he was glad*—because it would occasion a new and most glorious display of the power of God in raising him to life again.—In like manner, *the changing of our vile bodies*, after they have for ages been mouldering in the grave, and scattered abroad through the earth, at an unknown distance, and in almost every direction—*breathing upon the dry bones, and bringing together bone to his bone, with the sinews, the flesh and the skin upon them*—collecting, from the four winds of Heaven, every essential atom, and *fashioning them like unto Christ's most glorious body*, is at once the effect and display of the exceeding greatness of the mighty power of God. 'Tis a genuine exploit of Omnipotence. Angels look on, wonder and adore. 1 *Thess.* i. 10.

THUS we see why man must give up the ghost;—let us now recount some of the alarming circumstances which attend it. And,

I. MAN

1. MAN giveth up the ghost, and it must soon be done. *Man, that is born of a woman is but of few days.*—The bounds of human life are set. The common period, at the longest date, is but threescore years and ten; and even this, how short a duration! soon gone—like a tale that is told—a dream forgotten—a vapour that vanisheth away! as you that have gone through it well know. Few indeed, very few, of the myriads of mortals born, ever arrive at this age; here and there one left standing, like the scattering spikes of grain, in a large field, that have escaped the reaper's sickle. More than half the human race die under the age of seven years—you and I therefore have but very little reason to think we shall live to see the boundary of human life, or be found in the number of hoary heads. The chance (as one observes) is against us at least ten to one, *i. e.* there are at least ten that die under seventy, for one that lives to that age. But if it should be your lot to spend seventy or eighty years on earth, even such a duration, though it may, to look forward, now appear in the eyes of inexperienced

enced youth long, and almost endless ; yet upon the trial and retrospect, how soon, how insensibly would it glide away, and be gone.—Yes, my young friends, before you think of it, you will find the blossoms of the grave white upon your heads, the wrinkles of age upon your faces, *your grinders will cease, the strong men bow,* and your bodies stoop under the weight of decrepit age ;—and even *then*, before you are aware of it, you will find yourselves incircled in the cold arms of death—a dying sweat creeping over your languishing bodies ; your countenances forlorn and ghastly, speech faltering, lips pale and quivering, your eyes haggard and staring, the breath interrupted by the dying sob, your hearts and pulse cease to beat, the struggling soul takes its flight, the ghost is given up, and where are you ?—But why do I talk of three-score years and ten ; nay, why talk we of years, or days, or hours ? For,

3. MAN not only soon giveth up the ghost, but 'tis absolutely *uncertain* how soon it must be done ;—*he knoweth not what a day may bring forth ;*

forth; yea, in a shorter space than a *day*, or even an hour, your soul may be in heaven or hell;—before I have done this, and begun the next sentence, you may have done with time, and entered upon eternity.—We often wonder at the folly of man, but in no instance does it appear more rank, than in that of presuming on time to come;—*boasting of to-morrow*, as if the to-morrow's and years of an antideluvian age were entailed upon him. This is a delusion which has completely ruined many of our friends, that are now in a state eternal and unalterable. They died in the full blossom of their hopes and expectations. They had as sanguine hopes of long life, and as little expectations of death, as you now have.—You saw them agonizing in death; you saw them sheeted in their coffins, carried from their dying beds, and covered, with your own hands, in their gloomy graves;—and yet, after all this, how little have you been affected, or reformed? The funeral was attended, perhaps, with as little concern, as if it had been a lecture in philosophy; and even while you saw them dropping into the
grave,

grave, one after another, like leaves in autumn, thick around you; did you not behold them with as much indifference, as the setting of the sun, or the fading of a flower?—Whence was all this? Because you vainly imagined that death was at a great distance from you; or that it must be a long while before your turn would come.—Life is in scripture compared to *a dream, which being interpreted*, by the conduct of men, is truly *a dream of years to come*.

4. MAN giveth up the ghost, and he knoweth not what pains he must undergo in doing. That the pains of death, or separation of the soul from the body, are eminently great, we know from the sacred scriptures, as well as by what we ourselves have seen and heard of those who have been actually dying. But even in these circumstances of death there may be as great a variety as in those which Job thus describes: *One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet; his breasts are full of milk, and his bones moistened with marrow; and another dieth in the*

bitter-

bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure ; they shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them.

5. THE pains which attend a separation of the soul and body, are greatly enhanced by a separation of dear friends. The union formed between parents and children, by natural affection, or that between chosen friends, by the ties of friendship, is, in some instances, perhaps, as strong as the union between soul and body.—This, when dissolved by death, must occasion the most poignant distress ! For a moment, let the most unfeeling heart think—think of a smiling infant—a darling babe—torn from its mother's breast—a prompt child, in the midst of its pleasing prattle, with all the buds of parental hope thick upon it, snatched at once from the eyes and the arms of fond parents. See the brilliant youth, the sprightly sons and daughters of joy—cut off in all the bloom and vigour of life. Brothers and sisters, loving and beloved—separated from each other, and from dear parents, in all the alluring
 C charms

charms of beauty and youth.—Once more behold the final parting of a tender husband and wife, two bosom friends, with but one soul—one in esteem, and in affection one, united and long endeared to each other by all the tender ties of personal kindness, and by children too, those endearing pledges of their mutual love;—but the union is in death dissolved. They are parted; and oh! the pangs of parting, who can tell? Language is too feeble to paint scenes of such distress! What they are, those only know who have tasted the bitter cup, and *still remember the wormwood and the gall*;—in this way known, they are always known to exceed description!

6. That consideration, of all others the most alarming, is, that death may be sudden and unexpected. How doubly dreadful is death, when instantaneous and unexpected. The unhappy mortal is instantly seized and summoned into the tremendous presence of God, with all his sins and follies upon his guilty head. While men and women are *busy here and there*,
eager

profound security, in the
sweet songs and dreams of earthly
bliss—death calls, God speaks, and this is thy
doom, "*thou fool, this night thy soul shall be
required of thee.*"—Miserable disappointment!
but *such will theirs be who lay up treasure on
earth, and are not rich towards God.*—Others
again are suddenly arrested, while eager in the
pursuit of forbidden pleasures; plunged, per-
haps, deep into vice, or fascinated on the downy
lap of indulgence, or else rolling on in a con-
tinued circle of useless amusements. Perhaps
while at the merry club, gambolling in the
tavern, or at the dance, or even in the midst of
a debauch, *the hand-writing on a sudden ap-
pears, as it once did to the affrighted monarch
of Babylon; and this is the interpretation, "thy
days are numbered and finished."* Death wings a
fatal dart, the work is done. You are in eter-
nity!—*be prepared, O man, to die!*

again :

the Heavens be no more.—You and
have but one cast for eternity ; if we fail here,
we are lost forever : He that is shipwrecked in
death, will find no plank left, on which he can
swim to shore. Now is the accepted time ; in
the grave *there is no work nor knowledge*, wisdom
or repentance.—*After death comes the judgment ;*
a state of bliss or misery unalterable.—How in-
finitely then does it concern us all, to be prepa-
red to die well. For is it not amongst men a
maxim of wisdom, that any work which can
but once be done, and when done admits of
no alteration or amendment, ought in all reason
to be done well ?—Be then as wise for your
souls and futurity, as *the children of this world*
are for their bodies on earth ; never so live
one day here, as to forget that you are to live
hereafter ; that you can die but once ; and if
your faith and your life be like *the righteous*,
“ *your last end will be like his ;*”—you shall
depart

depart in peace, and with hopes full of immortality. "*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.*"

HAVING contemplated *some* of the alarming circumstances of man's giving up the ghost—we shall now briefly consider,

II. THE question proposed in our text. Where is he? This does not imply, that Job either believed that the soul slept or was annihilated after death—or that he did not believe a resurrection of the body—his own words, immediately after the text, and elsewhere, shew the contrary. The question rather implies, that when man has given up the ghost, he seems to have vanished from earth, and his body being buried out of sight, he is out of mind;—his name and memory are soon buried in total oblivion. Thus consigned to the grave, there we forgotten lie, but little regarded by the living, who continue as jovial, as busy, and eager in the pursuit of their several designs, as before;—the sun shines, the earth blooms, the birds sing—

ling—and all things wear their usual form, even “while our neglected clay is mouldering in the dust, and trodden over by many a thoughtless foot.”—This, as much as this, at least is implied in that solemn question, *Where is he?* But is this all that Job meant? Surely the soul as well as body must have been in view: *Where is he?* *Where is the soul?* the soul is the man:—If then it should be granted, that death is inevitable; if man must die, and can die but once; if he must soon, and may instantly, give up the ghost, the question to ask and answer, in this sense, is infinitely important. *Where is man when the ghost is given up?*—*Where shall we all be when we have fobb’d out our last breath?*—The answer is short, but inexpressibly solemn, we shall be in heaven or hell immediately!

*To one of these the soul is gone,
To take its doom, to smile or mourn.*

IMMEDIATELY, I observed, and *thus saith the Lord, to the penitent malefactor on the cross, this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;*—and
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of wicked Dives, immediately after *he died*, that *in Hell he lift up his eyes*.—That immediate transition, implied in these texts, hath usually been thought to presuppose the existence of an immaterial soul in a separate state; but it may be true, even on the supposition of a material soul, that sleeps or dies with the body. For the idea of *time* can be obtained only from a succession of ideas in the mind perceived; but where there is no life, there can be no perception or ideas, and therefore no time. On this account, those words which describe a being that has no succession of ideas, because he knows all things by intuition, may be applied to a being that has no succession of ideas, because he has not the power of thinking or knowing at all. To such a being, I say, *one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day*, i. e. there is no difference at all;—because, where there is no idea of time, there can be no idea of any difference between two unequal parts of duration, be that inequality ever so great;—hence it follows, that if the soul of Adam slept or died with his body, then all
those

those numerous ages of time that shall have rolled away, between the day of his death and the moment of his resurrection from the dead, will to him appear but an instant of time. From the last moment of remembrance, when his last thought left him, to the first moment he hears the found of the archangel's trumpet, the time will be no more to him than *the twinkling of an eye*. No sooner *absent from the body*, but he would seem *present with the Lord*. In this view, therefore, we may say,—that, *whether the soul is awake, or sleeps*, when *man giveth up the ghost*, he will be in Heaven or Hell. But which of these will fall to your share? Do you wish to know? It can be known only by the temper of the heart, and your real character, before you leave the world. *Say not in thy heart, therefore, who shall ascend into Heaven, i. e. to see whether my name is written there; or, who shall descend from above, i. e. to bring down the book of life*, that I may see whether my name is enrolled there or not; *for the word, the "more sure word of prophecy," is nigh thee, even in the book of scripture, which is in your hands*

hands and in your mouths. To this book we must appeal for decision—to *the law and the testimony*; but, in particular, to one passage that I have selected for the purpose; it is Rom. ii. 7—11. *Those who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honour and immortality, shall have eternal life; but the portion of those who are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, will be, indignation and wrath, upon every soul of them.* Here is a short but comprehensive description of the two classical characters of all mankind—with this before your eyes, I leave you to self-enquiry—be honest—urge it home to your own hearts, and see if you can stand the trial; *be not deceived, God is not mocked.*

I PROCEED to some practical inferences from the subject.

1. Is death the appointed lot of all?—Why then do we spend so much needless time and pains to pamper and adorn these vile bodies? *Solomon, in all his glory, was but a lump of ani-*

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mated

mated clay, which soon became a loathed lump
 of putrefaction ! That active body, which now
 you deck and feed, will be the food of worms,
 which ere long will nestle, crawl and riot, on
 thy putrid flesh. There stands a blooming
 youth, full of life—health smiles on his cheek
 —it sparkles in the eye, and gushes through all
 his veins ; painting, before his enamoured eyes,
 scenes of variegated bliss. But death, inexora-
 ble death, the cruel blaster of all human hopes
 and joys, rushes upon him, and the bubble
 breaks ! Where now is florid beauty ? Where
 that admired symmetry of the features, and of
 the whole form ? Where is that idol of little
 minds ? Alas ! it is become like one of the
 heathen idols, *which bath eyes, but seeth not ;*
ears it bath, but beareth not ; a mouth, but speak-
eth not ; hands and feet, but they move not ; all
 are stiff, bound and deformed, in ghastly death !
 —Let not your adorning, then, be merely *that*
of putting on apparel, but the hidden man of the
heart, which is not corruptible, a meek and quiet
spirit, which is an ornament, even in the sight of
God, of great price.

2. Is it a decree of Heaven, that we must soon leave this world and all its enjoyments behind? Let us know, then, that this world was never designed to be our portion.—Can clods of earth, or lumps of dust, can bubbles and straws afford complete satisfaction to a soul thirsting for immortality? *God alone can be the strength of our hearts, and a portion forever.* Why then do we set up our standard here on earth, and make this transitory scene the end of our being, and the object of our love?

“Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?”

PITIFULLY poor must be the portion of him, whose only felicity is in this world. *If in this life only we have hope, we are most miserable indeed! What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

3. If, when a few days and nights more are come and gone, we must go and live forever in a world of spirits—then let us see that we are now acquainted with *that world*, and the employments of it.—If you had an estate in some dis-

tant

tant country, and were soon to go and take possession of it, you would be anxious to know beforehand the character of the inhabitants—how they employed their time, and in what their happiness chiefly consisted; that you might determine, whether your own character and disposition were such as to render your life agreeable and happy in such a place. Like this is our own case—in a few days more we shall mingle with disembodied spirits, and become inhabitants of a new world—the great question is, are we like to be happy there?—If you have, at present, no idea of any kind of happiness, but what consists in gratifying the appetites and senses of the body—if you have no taste or relish for a happiness that is peculiar to *the spirits of just men made perfect*—you *must* be miserable; and the moment your soul is turned out of the body, it *will be turned into Hell, with all that forget God.*—For except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;—and if you are unfit for that kingdom, which is the abode of spirits that are happy, because they are “holy, as God” *the father of spirits is holy*”—

holy"—then your departing spirit must go and join a company of infernal ghosts, like your own. This, in the nature of things, is unavoidable. Because the heart, when empty of grace, and full of envy, malice, and of all wickedness, is itself a hell of malignant spirits here on earth;—therefore, if in heart you have the temper of a devil, you must live with him, and with other kindred spirits of the same stamp; because you are fit for no other place or company. Examine yourself, then, and see whom you now most resemble, the angel or the fiend, and *by this shall all men know* where the ghost will be, when it is given up.

4. If death finishes our probation on earth, and fixes us for eternity, how precious beyond all expression is time! The time of life is a narrow isthmus, that joins together two vast eternities; into one of which we soon must launch, and sail like *Columbus* in search of new worlds. Are we ready for the important voyage?—Time well improved secures the voyage. Improve it, then. Improve your time as a
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most precious talent, of which you must soon give an account. Every moment of it is, in value, more than words can express. To learn its worth, go to the bed of death, and to the bar of God; enquire there,

"What time is worth; ask death-beds, they can tell."

5. SINCE life is so uncertain, and all opportunities to prepare for eternity ourselves, and for doing good to others, will be at an end, when *the guest is given up*; then let every one *be up and doing, while the day lasts*. "Life is the time to serve the Lord;"—if sinners ever intend to repent, to improve the means of grace, and obtain the favour of God, now is their time.—If Christians wish to make greater proficiency in religion, to have their many doubts and fears removed, obtain more evidence of their sincerity; and do yet more for the honour of God and the cause of religion in the world—now is the time. *What thou doest, do quickly*;—and oh! if you that are parents have any thing more to say or do for the souls of your dear children—now is the time—you'll

soon

soon

soon be gone, and they be out of the reach of your warning voice, of your friendly counsels, and fervent prayers for their everlasting good.

—What I say unto you, I say unto all, up and be doing with all thy might whatever thy hands find to do, for the night cometh when no man can work.

6. Must all the living die, and ere long give up the ghost?—Alarming thought! again I repeat it—where will you be in a few hours more? How shall I appear unprepared before the all-knowing and Almighty God? *If the righteous scarcely be saved, where will the sinner and ungodly appear?* Appear? Imagination shrinks back at the dire prospect of that gulph of misery and despair, which gapes wide to receive him! Open your eyes—look before you fall—awake before you drop into the flames below. What art thou doing, child of eternity? Thy soul is in jeopardy every hour. Your feet stand on slippery places. Your immortal all is at stake; yes, at stake, O thou short-lived probationer on God's earth. Thy soul is this moment fluttering on the verge of eternity!

eternity! The thread of thy forfeited life is held by the divine hand alone; and may be snapped asunder without warning, and in a moment. When this is done, where are you then?—Lose no time. Too much is gone already. Now or never. *Sin no more. Awake to righteousness; awake thou that sleepest, and call upon thy God, that thou perish not. Make your peace immediately. Defer it not, I say. 'Tis at your peril. Haste, flee for thy life, to him who is the only Saviour in a desperate case; flee from the wrath to come, before it has actually come upon you to the uttermost.*

BUT I have a more pleasing message to the real Christian. Death is indeed that *one event which happeneth to all*, and like all others you must give up the ghost; but—transporting thought! where are you? in Heaven; before your cooling clay is shrouded, your enlarged soul will be in Heaven!—blessed—blessed transition! from a world of sorrow and sin, to a kingdom of peace and joy. To that blessed kingdom thy departing spirit will ascend, and

“ friends

“ friends immortal, that have gone before thee, will hail thy glad arrival, and give thee a most enrapturing welcome ;” *and sorrow, sin and sighing, shall flee away.* No sooner *absent from the body*, but you will *be present with* your dear friends, and with *the Lord*, a friend *which is far better* than all. With him you shall live, and be like him, in holiness and happiness unutterable and unending.

7. If death is the conveyance of the pious soul to its God and happiness, why should Christians be so fond of living, and so backward to leave this troublesome world ? Why also are we so impatient, and unwilling to part with our Christian friends ? *Is God unrighteous to forget our work and labour of love ?* Is he unfaithful to his promise ? Or do we fear the angels, when they receive our departing spirits, will lose their way, and not conduct us safely to Abraham’s bosom ?—Our friends must die, but they die to live again ; to live forever in complete happiness—as *Jesus died and rose again, even so them which sleep in Jesus will God bring*

with him. Think of this, my afflicted friend, who art this day mourning the loss of a most worthy, affectionate husband.—*Behold he whom thou lovedst is dead* ; and sorrow, sympathetic sorrow, fills our hearts, and flows in the tear of compassion and concern. We *feel* for you the loss of your best friend on earth. A remembrance of days and years of past felicity, now irrecoverably gone, swells in your bosom a tide of sorrow new and unknown before. But *my grace*, says the God of all grace, *is sufficient for you.* *Be still, and know that he is God.* —The same God *who gave*, has taken away the *desire of your eyes.* *Bless the name of the Lord* ; for *blessed among women* hast thou been, in the life, the friendship and prayers, of such a companion ; and as *highly favoured of the Lord* in his death, because you *sorrow not as others which have no hope.* Tears of joy ought to mingle with those of sorrow, because you mourn for one whom you have reason to believe is now gone where *all tears*, except those of joy, *are wiped from his eyes.* He is gone a little before you, and though you have lost your friend, yet
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the flame of friendship is still alive, and *the time draweth nigh* when this painful parting, we hope, will be succeeded with a joyful meeting in your father's house, where friends that meet will meet to part no more. To this consoling thought we join our ardent wish, that the supporting presence of *the widow's God* and husband may be with you through all the lonely days of your widowed state.

HAVING paid the tribute of sorrow to the memory of our deceased friend, let us now join with his friends, and once more *take up our lamentation*, in the language of the text, and say, *Man, —the amiable Manning, has given up the ghost, and where is he?* Not in the College, where lately we saw him presiding with mild dignity and parental affection, greatly beloved by every member of that collected family—not in the house of God, where he often met you; nor in the pulpit, where you have so frequently heard him preach *the glad tidings of great joy*—not at the communion-table, breaking to you *the bread of life*, and praying for the health of languishing souls
—not

—not in his own house, with his family and friends around him, where he was ever known as the revered head and illustrious example of religion, of government, and every domestic and social virtue:—No—he is not here.—*He shall return no more to his house; neither shall these places know him any more.* He has left the College and the house of God—his seat is vacant, his pulpit empty, his dwelling-house has lost its inhabitant; every room there mourns, and proclaims him gone to his last earthly home; the wife of his bosom is left alone; the College is bereaved of its head; the Christian ministry, the church of God, the republic of letters, and the community at large, have lost a most valuable member.—His absent brothers and numerous friends are all exchanged for a new circle of acquaintance: “*For unto corruption he saith, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother, and my sister and brother.*” The Corporation of the College, with the instructors and students, all *feel* and recognize the loss. Their hearts echo to the voice of mourning, to the deep-toned bell, and to all the badges of sorrow.

sorrow. With multitudes around us, we have dropt the involuntary tear. We have felt the sigh unbidden heave, and followed the *bearse*, solemn and slow, with a numerous train of mourners; all united in the attestation of high esteem and affection for the lamented *man of God*.—*We are witnesses, and God also, how piously, and justly and unblameably, he lived among us.* We are witnesses to the amiableness of his natural temper: How pleasing his condescension and affability: How conspicuous his candour and impartiality, even in circumstances of peculiar trial: These, added to a strong mind, well furnished with useful learning, and with ample resources for eloquence, popularity and pleasing address, rendered him highly esteemed through the large circle of his acquaintance. But, alas! all these amiable and useful qualities could not exempt him from the fate of mortals. His work on earth is done. He sleeps in death, by all the solemnities of which he now speaks and warns the living, especially the young students, his late tender charge. *Though dead, he yet speaketh to you, my young friends, by all those*

those instructions and friendly warnings you have so often heard from his mouth, addressed to you with all the affection and earnestness of a father's heart. He has been the patron and *guide of your youth*. He conducted you through the several stages of useful and polite literature; in all which it was his heart's desire to reform *your hearts*, as well as improve your minds. It was his ardent wish, that you might early be acquainted with the religion of Christ, as well as the liberal arts and sciences; that you might be good as well as great, and become at once fitted for both worlds.—Can you, after all this, can you, while life and memory last, forget such a friend, or conduct in such manner as to defeat his kind wishes and expectations, with those of your anxious parents and present instructors? No; you cannot be so ungenerous and undutiful.—I must, I *will* presume, that you are now determined to shun the paths of vice forever, and wisely to improve the present season, so eminently favourable to the acquisition of knowledge and virtue. While you are diligent and studious to *lay up* in your minds a
treasure

treasure of literary wealth, you will not fail to lay up for yourselves a treasure in Heaven. Then you will indeed be the hope, the joy and the ornament, of your friends and of your country. Then, while your virtues are recorded in the annals of fame here on earth, your names will be written in Heaven, enrolled and eternized in the Lamb's book of life. God himself will be your friend in life; Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life, will be your hope in death; the sting of which he will take away, and cause its very horrors to smile. Then will the Saviour of mankind open to you the golden gates of perennial bliss, from the full river of God's pleasure; and you shall live in the bloom of unfading youth, and drink in knowledge at the fountain head, where it flows in rivers of pleasure forevermore.

WE close, with addressing our united prayers to "Him," who is called the repairer of breaches, that he would again supply this institution with a man of a wise and understanding heart.—"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth;"—and grant that

that *a double portion* of the same *spirit* may rest upon the young man, who is now the elected pastor of this church*.

A M E N.



* Reverend JONATHAN MAXCY was ordained to the pastoral care of this church September 8, 1791.—When we consider his early entrance on the work of the ministry, his acknowledged ability for the sacred office, with the attachment and unanimity of his people—we cannot but rejoice in the fair prospect of his being not only useful among this people, but an ornament to religion, to learning, and the Christian ministry.

